STORIA

nfants and Children.

e children that | Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
y prescription | Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,
rs, M.D., | Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-
ooklyn, N.Y. | gestion.
Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N.Y.

POINT FOR HEALTH

Liver Trouble,
Blood by using the oldest and best
wood's Bitters. It will make new, rich blood, and add vigor
ply the "L. F."

CASTLE, write, April 5, 1888: —
e as good satisfaction; we have sold them for many years.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

Denominations, $200 to $10,000
Interest, - - 5% 7% 8%
Maturity, - 3 months to 5 years.

Security, Property worth three-times the bond, and guaranty of responsible companies and banks.
Price, Par and accrued Interest.

The 5 per cent. Debenture Bonds of the Northern Banking Company are a legal investment for the Savings Banks of Maine.
Lists and information furnished on application in person or by mail.

NORTHERN BANKING COMPANY,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

SELDEN CONNOR, Pres. W. F. MILLIKEN, V. Pres.
CHAS. L. MARSTON, Sec. 13435

FOR SALE.

One 65 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta; good land, good buildings, well watered, fine place. Price $1800.

One 65 acre farm, 3¼ miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta; good land, good buildings, well watered. Price $1700.

One 60 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta, fine place. Price $1800.

One 140 acre farm in Vassalboro, 9 miles from Augusta; splendid land, sugar orchard, apple orchard of engrafted fruit, well watered, two houses and two sets of buildings in excellent repair; cuts 50 tons of hay.

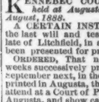
One 275 acre place in Somerville, 13 miles from Augusta; plenty of wood and timber, well watered, two sets of buildings in fair repair. Price $1400.

Also a number of other places varying in price from $500 to $4000.

Also a large number of houses and lots of land in Augusta, varying in price from $400 to $4000.

Apply to
E. W. WHITEHOUSE, Atty., P. O. Box 28.
April 27, 1887. 344f Augusta, Me.

Farm for Sale!



For good reasons I shall sacrifice my farm stock, tools, crops, &c. situated in New Sharon, on the main road leading from New Sharon village to Mercer village. Farm contains 80 acres excellent land, divided into tillage, pasture and wood; cuts 15 tons hay, in fair way to cut 20, all cut by machine; plenty orchard, old and young; fair buildings, insured for $600; good neighborhood. Come and look. Come and look it over; only needs to be seen to be appreciated. Terms easy. Don't write. Come and see it. First come will buy it. Must be sold.
39tf C. H. GARLAND, P. O. New Sharon, Me.

Non-Resident taxes in the Town of Vienna, County of Kennebec, for the year 1887.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Vienna, for the year 1887, is made up from the records in my possession, and said town on the tenth day of June, 1887, has been returned to me as remaining unpaid on the 1st day of June, 1888, by his certificate of that date, and they now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given, that if said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the treasury of said town, within eighteen months from the date of commitment to said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. Said real estate will be sold at public auction, at the Village Post Office, in said town, on the 19th day of December, 1888, at one o'clock, P. M.

	Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Highway Dedicitcy	Total Tax
Hiram Ladd, the Woodman Weh.					
ran place.	100	$400	$11 14		$11 14
S. S. Forsaith & Co., house, lot and barn	3	1000	27 50	$13 50	41 00
George Hoyt part of Beedy place,	13	36	99		99

E. N. ALLEN,
Treasurer of the Town of Vienna.
Vienna, Sept. 1st, 1888. 3443

Commissioners' Notice.

The undersigned, Commissioners appointed by the Judge of Probate for Kennebec County, to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Frank Morrison, late of Clinton, deceased, represented insolvent, give notice that within six months from the third day of September, inst., are allowed for said creditors to present and prove their claims, and that we will be in session for the purpose of receiving said claims and proof, at the store of Ezekiel H. Wheeler, each day, on Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of September, and on Tuesday the twenty-third day of November next at William Lamb's office, Clinton Village.

HOWARD W. DODGE,
3445 JOHN GERALD.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the first Monday of September, 1888.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM WARE, late of Vienna, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1888.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOSS, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 43

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1888.*

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H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 43

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1888.*

ELMIRA H. BALCOM, widow of WM. R. BALCOM late of China, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September next, and show cause, if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 43

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of EUNICE H. WEBBER, late of Vassalboro, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to HENRY W. B. WEBBER.
August 21, 1888. 43*

PENSIONS $50,000,000 for 200,000 Soldiers, Sailors, their widows, children, parents, pensioned, discharged, recruited. 1st Expansion, 2d Rebellion, 3d Indian, 4th Peace. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D.C. 20,000

TRUSSES.

The Largest Stock, best assortment and lowest prices in Maine. Satisfaction or Shift in fitting them—a good Fit guaranteed. BRIDGES' DRUG STORE, under Granite Hall.

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY.

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET,

Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, $1.00 for three insertions, and twenty-two cents for each subsequent insertion.
Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion.
All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS.
C. S. ATES. J. E. FRATT. J. W. KELLOGG.

Maine Farmer.

Fairs to Occur.

Buxton and Hollis Fair—At Buxton Lower Corner Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Bradford Independent Agricultural Society—At Bradford Centre, Sept. 25th.
Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—Cumberland, Sept. 26, at E.
Central Washington Agricultural Society—At Machias, Sept. 18th and 19th.
Central Aroostook Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at Caswell Corner, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Canaan, Oct. 2d and 3d.
East Eddington Farmers' Club—At E. Eddington, Oct. 3d and 4th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th.
Gray Park Association—At Gray Corner, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Kennebec and Somerset Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Knox County Agricultural Society—At Camden, Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.
Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Litchfield Union Agricultural Society—At Litchfield Corner, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Monmouth Agricultural Society—At Monmouth, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Oxford Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oxford Plains, Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.
Oxford Central Agricultural Society—At Norway, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Oxford County Agricultural Society—At Paris, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Piscataquis Agricultural Society—At Dover, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Sebasticook Valley Agricultural Society—At Pittsfield, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Somerset Agricultural Society—At Madison, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Union Fair—At Union, Oct. 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th.
Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Unity, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Waldo County Agricultural Society—Oct. 2d, 3d and 4th.
Oxford Agricultural Society—Oct. 2d, 3d and 4th.
Orland Town Fair—Oct. 10th.
Penobscot and Aroostook Union Agricultural Society—At Sherman Mills, Sept. 26th and 27th.
Penobscot County Agricultural Cattle Show and Fair—At Orrington, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Richmond Farmers' and Mechanics' Club—At Richmond, Sept. 25th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th.
Sanford Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oak Grove Park, Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.
Somerset and Kennebec Consolidated—Fairfield, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Somerset Central Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Sidney Town Show—At Sidney, Oct. 29th.
West Somerset Agricultural Society—At Madison, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Monroe, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Washington County Agricultural Society—At Pembroke, Sept. 25th and 26th.
West Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
York County—At Saco, Oct. 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th.
West Oxford—Fryeburg, Sept. 25, 26, 27.

A Western exchange says the highest success of fairs does not consist in taking more gate money than is required to cover the expenses. Granted, but a fair can't run a great while without it.

At Bangor among the poultry exhibitors, out of seventeen men only two of them used tobacco in any form. This speaks well for the habits of poultry fanciers and indicates a high moral tendency of the business.

Mr. James Fulton of Bowdoinham, states that he used Aroostook Hebrons for seed last spring, side by side with home grown seed, and the crop was more than doubled by the change.

The Secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture is taking measures to enforce the law of that State against the sale of oleomargarine. The law provides that all oleo sold in that State shall be colored pink.

Some time since we took occasion to commend the Wealthy apple as a valuable variety for a commercial orchard. That opinion has been strengthened from the experience of another year of fruitage. A group of these trees in a neighboring orchard, set but a few years ago, and still not out of reach from standing on the ground, are loaded with all the fruit they can carry, while the different varieties around them are showing hardly a specimen. The fruit is even in size, regular in form, and free from defects, and when fully colored is as handsome as it is perfect. Productiveness, high color and beauty make up a valuable combination.

The widely famous cattle feeder, John D. Gillett of Elkhart, Ill., who won so many important prizes at the earlier Chicago Fat Stock Shows, on beasts that had never had any sort of shelter or care beyond unlimited supplies of grass, hay and whole corn,—died Aug. 25th. Mr. Gillett went to Illinois some fifty years ago—so says the *Breeders' Gazette*—"without a dollar in his pocket, and began work as a farm hand, at a salary of $8 per month. In 1856 he earned by purchased forty acres of land. In 1865 he settled in Logan county, and soon afterward began acquiring large tracts of land, which rapidly increased in value, his Elkhart farm alone comprising some 10,000 acres."

The absence of advertising enterprise on the part of dairying associations in our State, of whatever kind, has been unaccountable from the time of making the first factory cheese to the last creamery butter. A case in point on the part of neighboring cheese factory. A patron of the factory conceived the idea of taking a sample of the cheese to Bangor for exhibition. Not having enough in quantity of his own, the only way he could induce the association to aid him in so laudable an effort was to hire the loan of enough for the purpose, giving five dollars for its use. The cheese took the first prize, and thus rewarded the exhibitor for his enterprise. It would seem an association making so good an article should be desirous of showing it to the public without being hired.

In noticing the last annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, the London *Live-Stock Journal* says:

"Without expressing any opinion as to whether it be a desirable thing for a government to have, not only a commissioner of agriculture, but also an entomologist, a chemist, a botanist, a vegetable pathologist, an ornithologist, and mammalogist, a chief of the bureau of animal industry, a statistician, a forester, a microscopist, a pomologist, a chief of the seed division, a superintendent of gardens and grounds, and an historian of the national horse of America—we may be allowed to assert that the proprietor of having such officials having been conceded) it is difficult to see how such persons could discharge their duties better than these reports show the officials of U. S. to have done. Uncle Sam is well served."

The Saco Driving Park Association have established a new driving park at Saco, near the station on the Eastern railroad. There are twenty-three acres in the enclosure. A first class track has been graded, and is now in first class condition and ready for work. The York County Agricultural Society is a large owner in this park, and will hold their annual fairs on these grounds. Fixtures for the same are now being constructed, a grand stand for the seating of the public, stables for the horses and stalls for the cattle. With sample grounds, located directly on the track, it would not be strange if their ambition should grow up to the pitch of a Western State Fair. Their annual fair is to be held Oct. 2—4. Fifteen hundred dollars are offered in purses.

The *Holstein Register* in its last issue has the following:

A paragraph in an exchange says that the Maine State Agricultural College has typical specimens of the different breeds of cattle, including the Holstein breed. We are credibly informed that specimens obtained are but an indifferent lot, and not such animals as Holstein men would care to test to determine the relative value of the breed.

No doubt those who are engaged in booming the Holstein stock are sensitive over the matter of authoritative work where the big stories are to be left out. It is, however, a breach of courtesy to denounce the animals in advance, apparently for the purpose of detracting from the confidence in a work which evidently the *Register* scents from afar will not smack of the marvelous.

Care of Stock.

There is no season in the whole round of the year when stock is so likely to be damagingly neglected as during the months of September and October. Though pasturage has this year held out remarkably well, yet even now the feed is getting short and scarce. We are supposed to keep stock for the income that accrues from them, and not for the purpose of merely carrying them along. It is growth, fat and milk we are after. The pastures in the height of the season furnish no better supply than is needed for the purposes sought. How much inferior to that is the feed they now furnish to stock! Yet this fact is often, in the press of farm work, overlooked, and the stock is left to what they can get. Cows will do well running in the pasture during the day if put up nights and given a ration of meal and a feed of good hay or green fodder of some kind. Fed in this way we have realized quite as good results from the hay as from the green feed. There is, however, this advantage from the use of the latter, that it can be used without the trouble of drying and storing. Unless running in aftermath attention to their rations should now be as strictly given as in the winter season, when entirely dependent on the attendant. At no time should the milk be allowed to shrink from lack of attention or of feed.

But it is with young cattle that there is the greatest neglect. Of what account is the pasturage to the owner of the steers running in it, if they are not daily gaining in weight? Yet how few of the young cattle left in pastures from the present time on will more than hold their own. As a matter of fact many of them will lose weight if left without other attention. This is especially true of calves.

We have been well pleased the past summer, and up to the present time, with the thrift of a bunch of calves running in common pasture with other cattle, but which were housed at night and given a small feed of hay. They are now hearty and thrifty, and still doing well enough. The expense of care and feed is but a trifle, yet at this season it makes the difference between a rapid growth and standing still. There has been no apparent necessity for a grain ration to go with this feed, as the calves have gained in flesh as well as in weight. Steers and heifers can be kept growing from now up to winter quarters by supplementing the scanty supply of the closely fed pasture with a night feed at the barn, and the cost of this attention will be far more than made up in the growth. Plenty to eat, and attention to the comfort of stock will always pay if the stock is worth the keeping. See to it, then, that the cows, the young cattle, and the colts have all the feed and attention called for. It will pay.

The New England Fair.

This fair, held in Worcester, Mass., was a very great success. The general verdict is, that it was the best exhibition ever held by the Society, a large measure of which is due to the efforts of the good people of Worcester, who are always alive to such things. The fair was opened by the delivery of the annual address by the President, Dr. Geo. B. Loring. The Doctor showed very clearly and convincingly the interdependence of agriculture and manufactures, and the profit which comes to the farmer from the prosperity of the factory interests.

The cattle sheds were all full, and a long string of temporary ones were built for the overflow. A few years ago the Shorthorn and Jersey herds took the lead in numbers at most of the fairs in Worcester. Now the Holstein Friesians hold the conspicuous places, though there are still many Jerseys, but the Shorthorns are only conspicuous by their absence. The Swiss, which have for many years graced the Worcester exhibition, are still exhibited in goodly numbers, and are making numerous friends in the vicinity. The Jerseys number about 50 head, J. H. Wallace of Worcester being among the leading exhibitors. Guernseys were present, and H. C. Burleigh of Vassalboro, showed the only herd of pure Sussex cattle in New England. There were 17 in number. Maine Herefords were represented by a large herd shown by E. A. & M. M. Bailey of Winthrop Center. The Devons are evidently coming to the front again as dairy and general-purpose cattle. Ayrshires were present only in small numbers. The breed that outshines all others in point of numbers is the Holstein, with 170 entries.

Every one of the horse stalls, that will accommodate over 200 animals, were filled; there were 19 mares with colts shown. The blue ribbon for stallion for stock purposes went to Almont Ledo, a Maine bred horse by Dictator and out of Lady Ledo.

There was a good exhibition of vegetables; 200 varieties of potatoes being shown. The display of women's work was very full and of a high merit. The Grange exhibit was very large, weigh 170 lbs.

The exhibition of apples included 550 varieties—almost all very good fruit. The exhibits were in the line of good, practical specimens, rather than extraordinary ones for size. Rather more than usual of some of the very hardy and Russian varieties were noticeable. One hundred and seventy-six plates of pears were shown, including many of the approved varieties, though this department was not very strong to an expert pear enthusiast. There were 157 entries of other fruits, although mostly of quinces and peaches, as only a few plates exhibited in goodly numbers and of fine quality.

In the department of floriculture there were 127 entries. In the display of farm implements, the Richardson manufacturing company, whose Buckeye mowing machine and Kemp manure spreader have been very popular implements with the farmers, had a complete exhibit of their wares. The Higganum manufacturing company displayed its new Cutaway harrow, which is rapidly coming to the front as a practical implement, and other of its meritorious machines.

In the dairy test, the milk record for herds of five cows, two milkings, is as follows: W. A. Russell, North Andover, Holsteins, 280 pounds; Mr. Harwood, Barre, Holsteins, 213 pounds; W. C. Childs, New Braintree, Ayrshires, 116⅔ pounds.

Swine.

Not a large exhibit in this department, thirty-four by our count, but excellent in quality. Mr. Gay, Medway, showed two of Poland China boars, 18 months old, four sows of the following ages:—two years, one and one-half years, one year, and 9 months. He also shows two litters of pigs of five each, very fine exhibits.

F. J. Fogg, Dexter, shows improved Ohio Chesters, registered stock; one yearling boar, Ohio Chief, and one yearling sow, Pearl Chester; also a litter of six pigs. Another fine exhibit.

E. H Kenniston, Arnold, shows Jersey Reds, one yearling boar, and one sow, same age.

L. W. Sanborn, Sabattis, shows a litter of six Jersey red pigs.

Chas. E. White shows a Berkshire boar, one year old.

Fowls.

Geo. A. Co. Auburn, show a two years old imported Yorkshire boar.

Field, Farm and Garden.

In the main exhibition hall, second floor, we find a large and varied display. The field, farm and garden crops are here shown, occupying a large space, and generally are neatly and tastefully displayed. There is no reason why vegetables should not be as clean, neat, and as carefully shown in as attractive a way as grains, potatoes, as fruit. We are pleased to be able to state that we find the vegetables generally shown in a very good form, and that there is every year to year an improvement in this direction. Still there is always room for further improvement, and the lessons of one fair should be carried forward to make succeeding ones better and better.

On one of the long tables, shown by Mr. Waterman, East Auburn, shows, on the second floor, west wing, a most attractive display of his farm products, occupying one entire table, and it is one of the largest, largest and choicest collection of farm products from a single farm ever shown in the State. The middle was embellished with graceful wreaths of the binding twines and grains, stalks of corn, etc. Beginning at one end, we have the mammoth pumpkins and squashes in several varieties, melons, cabbages, turnips, beets, potatoes, a bushel basket of golden corn, sweet and popping corn, beans in pod and shelled, peas, gourds, carrots, tomatoes—the whole making a very attractive, meritorious and instructive display from one farm. It is an example worth imitating at our future State and county fairs, and will be a very helping feature to enlarge upon.

Mr. Chas. Kenney, East Auburn, Auburn, on the wall table near, makes a large and handsome display of his market garden products, consisting of cabbages, potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, onions, squashes, parsnips, peppers, beans, rhubarb, celery, asparagus, pumpkins, corn, etc., etc.; remarkable for excellence of quality, and neatness in preparation and display. This was a creditable collection.

The southern side of the west wing is occupied by the grand exhibit of Lewiston Grange No. 1, consisting of the varied products of household, field, flock, farm and fireside. The whole is very tastefully displayed and arranged, and is highly creditable to the Grange and to the committee of arrangements, under the direction of the hall display. It is to be regretted that they had no competition from other Granges.

E. J. Forghar & Co., Boston, Mass., make a large display of their seeds, in the west wing. The seeds of both field, vegetable and flower gardens are displayed, and by their side the stalk from which they are grown. In the center is a seed tester, showing their method of testing in operation. Their exhibition is very attractive, and is finely fixed up and decorated.

Maine State Fair.

Sheep.

The sheep department is very full and meritorious. In number the exhibit exceeds that of the previous exhibitions. There are three hundred and forty-four sheep shown on the grounds, and the individual excellence of the specimens of the various breeds is very good. This is particularly pleasing at this time when the sheep industry is laboring under discouragements in price of wool and moderate price of lamb and mutton. We may take courage from this exhibition as a promising indication of a revival of interest and attention to this branch of our farm industry.

Oxford Downs—In this breed we find but two exhibitors, C. A. Brackett of Gorham, who shows several pens of good sheep, consisting of one buck, 2 years old, one buck 1 year old, 1 buck lamb, 5 months old, 3 ewes, 2 years old, three ewes, 1 year old, and pen of three ewe lambs, 5 months old, and E. E. Brackett, Gorham, shows one buck, 2 years old, one pen of three buck lambs, 5 months old, and one pen of three ewe lambs, 5 months old, and one pen of yearling ewes, and that of A. J. Kenniston, Simpson's Corner, who shows one buck lamb.

Cotswolds—In this breed there were but two exhibits, that of B. R. Sturgis, Brookside Farm, Gorham, who shows one buck, 2 years old, one pen of three buck lambs, 5 months old, one pen of three ewes, 1 year old, one pen of yearling ewes, and that of A. J. Kenniston, Simpson's Corner, who shows one buck lamb.

Shropshire Downs—In this breed there were but two exhibits, that of Hon. Geo. Bartlett, Yarmouth, who shows one buck, 2 years old, three ewes, 2 years old, one yearling buck, six buck lambs, six ewe sheep, three yearling ewes, and one pen of three ewe lambs. He also shows four ewe sheep, six ewes, 1 year old, and six ewe lambs. The whole flock, except the yearling buck from the Pine Grove farm, Exeter, N. Y., have been bred on the farm. E. A. Bailey, Lake View Farm, Winthrop Centre, shows one buck 2 years old, one yearling buck, six buck lambs, six ewe sheep, three yearling ewes, and three ewe lambs. W. Hutchinson, Jr., Turner, shows one yearling buck, one buck lamb, one ewe sheep, three yearling ewes, and one pen of three ewe lambs. Pulsifer & Co., Auburn, show one buck of this breed. Brown & Hilton, South Berwick, show a fine flock of twenty-two Shropshires, the largest on the grounds of this breed. They exhibit six buck lambs, ten yearling ewes and six ewe lambs. Bert Hilton, Starks, shows one buck lamb.

Cotswold—C. W. Hilton, Starks, shows one buck four years old, weight 244 lbs., one buck lamb and three yearling ewes. E. A. Hilton, Starks, shows a yearling buck and a buck lamb. A. J. Kenniston, Simpson's Corner, shows two buck lambs, three sheep, and three ewe lambs.

Leicesters—In this breed there is but one exhibit, that of A. J. Kenniston, Simpson's Corner, who shows one buck, 2 years old, and six ewes, 1 year old and more.

Horned Dorsets—Only one exhibit of this breed; that by H. C. Burleigh, Vassalboro, who shows one buck, 3 years old, three ewes and three ewe lambs.

Merinoes—A full exhibit of this breed; sometimes a large exhibit, sometimes but a buck lamb. A. J. Kenniston, Simpson's Corner, shows two buck lambs, three sheep, and three ewe lambs.

Falconers

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 20, 1888.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

THE STATE Fair, The State Fair held at Lewiston last week, may be set down as another success. Tuesday, the only disagreeable day, brought the usual attendance and the promise of continued success. But the weather, cloudy and wet with a pouring rain, destroyed all hope of the managers that the receipts would be large. The exhibition was not as large as in former years, but was a good one. The display of horses was very fine, and the display of cattle was a good one. The display of sheep was not as large as usual, but was a good one. The display of swine was a good one. The display of poultry was a very fine one. The display of fruit was a good one. The display of vegetables was a very fine one. The display of grain was a good one. The display of flowers was a good one. The display of agricultural implements was a good one. The display of machinery was a good one. The display of carriages was a good one. The display of harness was a good one. The display of boots and shoes was a good one. The display of clothing was a good one. The display of furniture was a good one. The display of stoves was a good one. The display of crockery was a good one. The display of glassware was a good one. The display of silverware was a good one. The display of jewelry was a good one. The display of musical instruments was a good one. The display of sporting goods was a good one. The display of toys was a good one. The display of books was a good one. The display of stationery was a good one. The display of wall paper was a good one. The display of carpets was a good one. The display of oil cloth was a good one. The display of rugs was a good one. The display of mats was a good one. The display of curtains was a good one. The display of shades was a good one. The display of lambrequins was a good one. The display of cornices was a good one. The display of poles was a good one. The display of rings was a good one. The display of hooks was a good one. The display of nails was a good one. The display of screws was a good one. The display of bolts was a good one. The display of nuts was a good one. The display of washers was a good one. The display of rivets was a good one. The display of pins was a good one. The display of needles was a good one. The display of thread was a good one. The display of yarn was a good one. The display of cloth was a good one. The display of flannel was a good one. The display of blankets was a good one. The display of quilts was a good one. The display of comforters was a good one. The display of pillows was a good one. The display of bolsters was a good one. The display of mattresses was a good one. The display of springs was a good one. The display of bedsteads was a good one. The display of chairs was a good one. The display of tables was a good one. The display of sofas was a good one. The display of lounges was a good one. The display of ottomans was a good one. The display of footstools was a good one. The display of rockers was a good one. The display of cradles was a good one. The display of baby carriages was a good one. The display of perambulators was a good one. The display of wheelbarrows was a good one. The display of hand carts was a good one. The display of express wagons was a good one. The display of delivery wagons was a good one. The display of market wagons was a good one. The display of farm wagons was a good one. The display of carts was a good one. The display of drays was a good one. The display of trucks was a good one. The display of dollies was a good one. The display of skids was a good one. The display of rollers was a good one. The display of balls was a good one. The display of bats was a good one. The display of gloves was a good one. The display of mitts was a good one. The display of masks was a good one. The display of protectors was a good one. The display of guards was a good one. The display of pads was a good one. The display of shoes was a good one. The display of skates was a good one. The display of sleds was a good one. The display of toboggans was a good one. The display of snowshoes was a good one. The display of skis was a good one. The display of canoes was a good one. The display of boats was a good one. The display of oars was a good one. The display of paddles was a good one. The display of poles was a good one. The display of lines was a good one. The display of hooks was a good one. The display of sinkers was a good one. The display of floats was a good one. The display of reels was a good one. The display of rods was a good one. The display of guns was a good one. The display of rifles was a good one. The display of pistols was a good one. The display of revolvers was a good one. The display of cartridges was a good one. The display of powder was a good one. The display of shot was a good one. The display of caps was a good one. The display of wads was a good one. The display of flasks was a good one. The display of belts was a good one. The display of holsters was a good one. The display of cases was a good one. The display of boxes was a good one. The display of barrels was a good one. The display of kegs was a good one. The display of jugs was a good one. The display of bottles was a good one. The display of corks was a good one. The display of stoppers was a good one. The display of lids was a good one. The display of covers was a good one. The display of tops was a good one. The display of bottoms was a good one. The display of sides was a good one. The display of ends was a good one. The display of backs was a good one. The display of fronts was a good one. The display of insides was a good one. The display of outsides was a good one. The display of middles was a good one. The display of edges was a good one. The display of corners was a good one. The display of points was a good one. The display of lines was a good one. The display of surfaces was a good one. The display of solids was a good one. The display of figures was a good one. The display of forms was a good one. The display of shapes was a good one. The display of sizes was a good one. The display of colors was a good one. The display of shades was a good one. The display of tints was a good one. The display of hues was a good one. The display of tones was a good one. The display of keys was a good one. The display of scales was a good one. The display of chords was a good one. The display of harmonies was a good one. The display of melodies was a good one. The display of songs was a good one. The display of music was a good one. The display of poetry was a good one. The display of prose was a good one. The display of literature was a good one. The display of art was a good one. The display of science was a good one. The display of religion was a good one. The display of philosophy was a good one. The display of history was a good one. The display of geography was a good one. The display of arithmetic was a good one. The display of algebra was a good one. The display of geometry was a good one. The display of trigonometry was a good one. The display of calculus was a good one. The display of logic was a good one. The display of rhetoric was a good one. The display of grammar was a good one. The display of spelling was a good one. The display of reading was a good one. The display of writing was a good one. The display of drawing was a good one. The display of painting was a good one. The display of sculpture was a good one. The display of architecture was a good one. The display of engineering was a good one. The display of medicine was a good one. The display of law was a good one. The display of theology was a good one. The display of philosophy was a good one. The display of science was a good one. The display of art was a good one. The display of literature

City News.

—Farmers get $8 a ton for their straw in this market.

—Thieves have been raiding the clothing store of Mr. J. J. Maher, taking away considerable valuable clothing.

—Stove dealers are smiling, as the season for adjusting the vicious stove pipe is here.

—*Don't* we appreciate our paved street in a rain storm? No more wallowing in the mud.

—Gov.-elect Burleigh is luxuriating among the green fields and by the quiet fishing ponds of his native Aroostook.

—The Augusta Base Ball team are justly proud of their season's record, and not only stand well as a club, but as gentlemen also.

—The people are so pleased with the electric lights that they wouldn't have them taken down should the cost be double that of gas illumination.

—Among the premiums in the fine art department at the State Fair last week, was a prize for flowers in oil, to Mrs. Hattie Tibbetts of Augusta.

—The contract for building the office building at the Soldiers' Home has been awarded to Choate & Snell of this city. Only three firms sent in bids for the work.

—The new bell, for Oak Grove Seminary and Bailey Institute, at Vassalboro, purchased through the firm of J. H. Cogan & Co., reached this city Tuesday morning. The bell was manufactured in New York, and weighs 418 pounds; its hangings 312 pounds. It is a beauty and of sweet tone.

—There will be afternoon and evening missionary meetings at the Congregational church this Thursday. Addresses will be made by Rev. Dr. Creegan, Secretary of the American Board, Rev. Mr. Cary of China, Rev. Mr. Roberts of Japan, Mrs. Capron of India, and Miss Kimball of Turkey. The meetings will be sure to be full of interest.

—A small boy named Joe Demaris was playing with a pistol near the factory boarding house Sunday, when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through his hand and hitting a ten year old companion, Frank Lemeaux, in the stomach. The injury to Demaris is slight, but Lemeaux died from the effects of the wound, Monday.

—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Edwards Company, Thursday evening, the following officers were chosen: Directors, Jacob Edwards, Boston; O. H. Alvord, Boston; Isaac Fenno, Boston; J. Manchester Haynes, Augusta, Joseph H. Manley, Augusta; Charles U. Cotting, Boston; Dexter N. Richards, Boston. Clerk, Chas. B. Johnson, Augusta. Treasurer, Jacob Edwards.

—Mr. B. Frank Gaslin of this city had good success in potato raising on his farm in Sidney. Last fall he covered the greensward with manure and plowed it in. On planting he put a small quantity of fertilizer into each hill. He shows us eight Early Rose potatoes, the combined weight of which is 6¼ lbs., one weighing 1 lb., 4 oz. Out of a hundred bushels dug, he found only a peck of decayed ones.

—Amsbury Russell of Sumner, died on the horse cars in Auburn, Friday forenoon. Mr. *Russell* was talking about changing cars and said that he thought he would not change, when suddenly he leaned his head at one side, fell back and was dead.

James H. Noyes of Jefferson, one of the Lincoln county commissioners, died suddenly Wednesday, of brain fever. He was taken ill Sunday. He had been selectman and representative to the legislature, and was elected commissioner in 1882.

The Castine Normal school opens with an attendance of 98. The entering class numbers 37. The counties in the State are represented as follows: Aroostook, 3; Hancock, 23; Kennebec, 3; Knox, 17; Lincoln, 9; Penobscot, 20; Piscataquis, 1; Sagadahoc, 1; Waldo, 15; Washington, 7.

The marriage of Mr. John W. Hyde of Bath, eldest son of Gen. T. W. Hyde, and Miss Holmes, daughter of John H. Holmes, Esq., manager of the Boston *Herald*, occurred at the Insane Hospital, a member of the Board of Assessors and City Treasurer of Augusta, and represented the city in the House of Representatives. He was in the corn, flour and grain business for years, was counted one of our best business men, and for many years was an influential, christian citizen, alive to all that pertained to the interests of the place. A widow and daughter survive him.

—Daniel Milliken, Esq., one of Bangor's oldest and best known citizens, died at his residence there Friday morning, after a lingering illness. Mr. Milliken was born in Scarboro, in 1815. In 1850, after a number of years' residence in the West, and as manager of the Bradford tannery, Mr. Milliken went to Alton, where in connection with his brother, the late Hon. Dennis L. Milliken of Waterville, they purchased a college tract of 12,000 acres of land and built a tannery on Dead Stream, where he continued in business until 1870. In 1874 he moved to Bangor, where he has since resided, carrying on the tannery business with his son James, under the style of D. Milliken & Son, and was also a member of the mocassin manufacturing firm of E. A. Buck & Co. Mr. Milliken was twice married. He leaves a widow and five children. He was one of a family of nine children, but three of whom survive him, namely Col. Elias Milliken of Augusta, Mr. Wm. Milliken of Gardiner, and Mr. Chas. Milliken of the Augusta House, Augusta.

—One of those mysterious Providences which human wisdom fails to interpret, is the death of Mr. W. Clark Rockwood of this city, which occurred on Saturday afternoon. Three years ago, while about his duties on the farm he sprained his ankle, but kept at work until he was obliged to give up, and has ever since been a helpless, helpless invalid, suffering with an intensity almost beyond human endurance. Twice has he been for treatment to the Maine General Hospital, and thrice has the limb been amputated with the hope of saving his precious life. But slowly has the strong, vigorous life ebbed away, until death closed the painful scene. In these passing days of sorrow and agony there was illustrated the beauty and strength of the christian's faith, and the buoyancy of a brave and hopeful spirit. Through all the intense suffering not a murmur escaped his lips, not a complaint added to the care or solicitude of his waiting, loving housethold. And now as he has crossed the line that divides the seen from the unseen world, his memory will be fragrant with good deeds and an illustrious example of patience in suffering. Mr. Rockwood's age was 30 years.

Getchell's Trial. The trial of James A. Getchell for killing Wm. H. Hopkins, was begun Monday in the Superior Court in this city. It will be remembered that on the evening of the 12th of last May, the parties, who lived in this city, had a quarrel, and that Getchell, on the railroad track near the Bridge street crossing, struck Hopkins, a young man 34 years of age, a terrible blow in the mouth, which resulted in his death the next day. L. T. Carleton, county attorney, appeared for the government, and Herbert M. Heath, Esq., for the respondent. The indictment was for manslaughter, and the trial proceeded on that charge. A large number of witnesses were heard on both sides, and every point in the case apparently faithfully brought out. The arguments on both sides were submitted Wednesday (yesterday) afternoon, the Judge's charge followed, and the case was given to the jury at about 6 o'clock. Of course we are unable to give the result of their verdict in this issue.

New Harbor Items. Capt. Llewellyn McLain has taken command of the steamer Mary O. Dill, and is using her for the porgie fishing. It has been some time since the porgies have been so plenty. All the seines are occupied by a party from Springfield, Mass., and Mr. Haynes was their guide. One day he had been out to the settlement, and was returning when he met a sail, at which he fired and badly wounded it. The cries of the cub brought the mother bear, a formidable animal, to the rescue. The intrepid guide fired at the bear two or three times, badly wounding her, when she came on to Mr. Haynes, the blood from her wounds flying all over him. Mr. Haynes called his dog, which attacked the bear in the rear, thus allowing the guide an opportunity to drop his gun and skin up the nearest tree, a straight birch with limbs far from the ground. Before Mr. Haynes got high enough to be entirely safe the bear returned, and with her long claws ripped open the leg of the guide's stout leather boots. The dog again attacked the bear, which left the tree to make war on the dog. Mr. Haynes then descended to the ground, and with gun in hand stood back to the tree, awaiting the return of the infuriated animal. He had not long to wait, for soon brute returned to renew the attack. Mr. Haynes fired his fifth and last shot right into the animal's face, she going over and over, and at last picking herself up and beating a hasty retreat.

John F. Haynes of Great Pond, has a camp at Alligator Lake, Hancock county, and acts as guide to parties who may occupy it. The other day the camp was occupied by a party from Springfield, Mass., and Mr. Haynes was their guide. One day he had been out to the settlement, and was returning when he met a cub, at which he fired and badly wounded it. The cries of the cub brought the mother bear, a formidable animal, to the rescue. The intrepid guide fired at the bear two or three times, badly wounding her, when she came on to Mr. Haynes, the blood from her wounds flying all over him. Mr. Haynes called his dog, which attacked the bear in the rear, thus allowing the guide an opportunity to drop his gun and skin up the nearest tree, a straight birch with limbs far from the ground. Before Mr. Haynes got high enough to be entirely safe the bear returned, and with her long claws ripped open the leg of the guide's stout leather boots. The dog again attacked the bear, which left the tree to make war on the dog. Mr. Haynes then descended to the ground, and with gun in hand stood back to the tree, awaiting the return of the infuriated animal. He had not long to wait, for soon brute returned to renew the attack. Mr. Haynes fired his fifth and last shot right into the animal's face, she going over and over, and at last picking herself up and beating a hasty retreat.

The post office at Newville, Hancock county, will be discontinued Sept. 30th.

The widow of Ex-Gov. Israel Washburn is seriously ill at Norridgewock.

Easton Grange will hold a cattle show and fair at Sprague's Mills, Oct 3d.

Mark Lowell of Lewiston, an old trader in the city, is dead. He and his father at one time kept the only store in Lewiston.

An old and respected citizen of Livermore, Joel Stinchfield, died suddenly at his home Wednesday night.

Roger Vaughan, a young man well known in Saco, in which city he leaves several relatives, died of yellow fever in Jacksonville, Fla., last week.

Harvey M. Blaisdell of Franklin, a boy of 13, fell from the hay mow last week, breaking both bones of the right arm near the wrist.

The *Lewiston Journal* says that gambling was carried on in that city throughout the State fair, "unblushingly and outrageously violating the law."

Governor Marble has appointed and commissioned Alonzo R. Dickerson of Boothbay, as military secretary, with rank of Major, vice Boothby promoted.

Mrs. Libbey, wife of Hon. Samuel Libbey of Orono, met with a very serious and painful accident last Saturday morning, by which she fractured the bone of the thigh. The wife of John Sarsfield of South Berwick, died the other day, and the husband has been arrested for causing her death.

Hon. C. P. Kimball, formerly of Portland, and late consul at Stuttgart, Germany, is ill at his home in Chicago from a slight shock of paralysis.

Mr. R. O. Robbins, of the staff of the *Bangor Commercial* and a very capable journalist, is to take charge of the *Piscataquis Observer*.

William P. Townshend of West Buxton, has leased his trout pond to five Portland gentlemen for a term of five years, at $1000 a year.

John R. Carpenter of Saco, 46 years old, while on his way to attend the reunion of the 27th Maine Regiment at Kittery, on Wednesday, died suddenly on the train of heart disease.

Merritt Davis at Whitneyville, was killed Thursday morning, while at work with a cut-off saw in a mill. The saw broke and a fragment struck him in the abdomen. He lived only fifteen minutes.

Albert J. Jellison's residence at Old Orchard, was burned about midnight Thursday, the family barely escaping. The fire caught from the kitchen stove. Loss $2,500. Insured for $1000.

Fred Priest, about thirteen years old, an employé in Dwelley's spool factory, Dover, was caught in a belt Tuesday, tearing his hand off and crushing an arm so it was amputated above the elbow.

Sawyer Brothers began, Monday, the work of supplying additional water to the village of South Norridgewock by erecting a wind-mill and tank on the hill just east of the residence of Mrs. H. E. Willis.

Samuel H. Chelley has been appointed postmaster at Woodville, Penobscot county, vice John Pond resigned. A post office has been established at Suncook, Oxford county, and Seth Hutchins appointed postmaster.

The fall term at Bowdoin College began Tuesday. A large entering class is expected, and everything promises a successful year for the college. It is expected that every room in the college domitories will be occupied.

Mrs. Stowe partakes now of solid food.

The President has signed the bill restricting the immigration of Chinese laborers.

Men are committing suicide at Jacksonville, Fla., through fear of yellow fever.

The widow of Amos J. Snell of Chicago, offers $30,000 reward for the arrest of W. B. Teasote, Snell's supposed murderer.

The rice crop has been nearly, if not quite, destroyed by the floods around Savannah, Ga.

James Langdon Curtis, Presidential nominee of the National American party, issued his letter of acceptance Tuesday.

Mr. Oliver Ditson, the music dealer, is still lying dangerously ill at Swampscott, Mass. His intimate friends entertain small hopes of his recovery.

The business portion of the town of Florence, Wis., was burned Friday. Fifty-six buildings were burned. Loss, $400,000; insurance $25,000.

In a collision between freight trains on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad Saturday, an engineer was killed, and a fireman and brakeman seriously injured.

Virgil Martin, the seventeen-year-old son of Rev. Judson W. Martin of Troy, N. Y., was married to Mrs. Fannie Ward, a widow of 49, Friday night.

Prince Wilkes trotted against Patron at Cleveland, Thursday, and won a $2,500 purse. The time was 2.16, 2.16¼, 2.19½, 2.18.

The House has passed the Senate joint resolution appropriating $200,000 to suppress infection in the interstate commerce of the United States.

David B. Hill was last week renominated by the democrats for Governor of New York. In Massachusetts the republicans renominated Gov. Oliver Ames, and Geo. A. Marden was nominated for Treasurer.

By an accident on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Friday, two persons were killed outright, and 32 injured, two fatally. The Grand Army excursionists were on the train.

A severe hailstorm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, passed over Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, Thursday evening, doing great damage and killing and injuring several people.

Workmen in the Hoosac Tunnel narrowly escaped death by suffocation by coal gas from a passing engine, Saturday. Eighteen men, all unconscious, were rescued, the rescuing party being nearly overcome.

On account of the floods and the yellow fever, the opening of the Augusta (Ga.) national exposition has been postponed from Oct. 10 to Nov. 8. It will close Dec. 15th.

A severe hailstorm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, passed over Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, Thursday evening, doing great damage and killing and injuring several people.

Chas. A. Pillsbury & Co. of Minneapolis, the largest milling firm in the world, have just finished a division of $40,000 among their employés in pursuance of a profit sharing plan adopted four years ago.

Fire has been running in the woods of Northern Michigan for the last two weeks, and several towns and much property burned. Ground is terribly parched, wells are drying up, and destruction of life and property are feared, unless rain comes.

The United States steamer Japan, while off the Japanese coast, broke her shaft and was disabled. She was assisted in by a Russian man-of-war. President Cleveland has ordered a medal sent the Russian commander for this act of kindness.

The peach season was closed earlier than was anticipated, because of the destruction of late varieties of peaches by the recent storm. This storm cut a large percentage from the growers' profits, but the season as a whole, has been profitable, and prices have been satisfactory.

Thursday, four wild Texas steers were tearing up the boulevard in New York city, frightening men and women and greatly delighting small boys. The mad career of the steers was finally brought to end by bullets, after one or two persons were seriously injured.

After the great floods, the city of Augusta, Ga., is again a busy city. The Savannah river is in its channel, and the people are setting actively to work to repair the losses. Eleven persons were drowned. The pecuniary loss was $1,000,000. Thousand men are now on the streets repairing damages. The railroads were heavy sufferers.

The police arrested, last week, Henry W. Wellington of Marlboro, Mass., charged with burglary. For months there has occurred burglaries, which were not the work of professionals as the officers thought, and the arrest of Wellington proves them right, as stolen goods were found in his possession.

Professor Brooks says that the new comet discovered independently by Professor Barnard and himself a week ago, is apparently moving almost directly toward the sun. Professor Barnard telegraphed Professor Brooks Tuesday morning, show the comet to be growing brighter and longer. It is in the morning sky.

Tuesday was the most terrible day in the history of Jacksonville, Fla. New cases of yellow fever 156. The hot sunshine on the soaked earth has been very favorable to the development of fever. A large increase of the disease is expected for the next week or two. The official report places the deaths at 20 on Tuesday. Total cases to date 1,203; total deaths 153.

An explosion occurred at the mill of the National Milling Co., Cleveland, O., on Saturday morning. The mill took fire and was destroyed, entailing a loss of $125,000; insurance $75,000. There were eighteen men in the mill at the time of the explosion. One man perished in the flames, and four others were fatally injured; six escaped without injury; seven others are unaccounted for.

More particulars have been received of the hurricane in Cuba. The most appalling feature is the loss of 800 lives. At Cardenos 27 wharves were destroyed, and over a hundred vessels wrecked. The sea water went fourteen leagues up through the city, driving the inhabitants into the country. Strong and heavy tiled houses were unroofed, and heavy stone masonry walls blown down.

Fire on Albany street, Boston, Friday evening, originated in the lumber wharf of Blacker & Shepard, where it burned $2500 or $3000 worth of lumber, fully insured. The wind blew the flames to the adjoining wharf of Andrew F. Letherbee, whose extensive lumber sheds containing large quantities of lumber was totally destroyed, with a probable loss of $75,000. Insurance $40,000. Stables and other buildings of the firm partially destroyed.

At Mystic Park, Thursday, mile race, purse $400, Perlies, 1st; Young Duke, 2d. Time 1.48¾. Seven furlong race, purse $500, Glory, 1st; Little Jake, 2d. Time 1.33. Three-fourth mile race, purse $400, Frolic, 1st; Leclair, 2d. Time 1.18¾. Mile free handicap, purse $500, Baltersby, 1st; Harry Cooper, 2d. Time 1.45¾. Handicap's steeple chase, over full steeplechase course, purse $500, Beechmore, 1st; McGowan, 2d. Time 4.55.

Charles Musgrove, aged thirteen, of Waterbury, Conn., is under police surveillance for the killing of his cousin, Charles Gammon, aged seventeen. The boys were playing together in Musgrove's yard, and had just been amusing themselves shooting at pumpkins. The latter picked up a Flobert 22 calibre rifle and began toying with the hammer when the rifle was discharged, the ball striking Gammon in the left temple and lodged in his brain. He dropped dead without speaking.

When the sleeping train arrived at Birmington, Vt., about 2 o'clock, Thursday morning, Wm. Houran and Frank Chapin, accompanied by ladies, were among the passengers. They had been to Manchester Centre, attending the Battenkill Valley Fair, and as they alighted from the train, Will Colburn, who was in uniform. Then Joseph lifted the cover of the box and John inserted the hand holding the sponge. The cat sprang forward and fastened its teeth and claws in Mr. Bradford's hand, mangling it badly.

It is reported that friends of Dr. Chas. Mallett of Bath (very well known there, and also in Augusta) have been notified by telegraph that he has taken the fever at Jacksonville, and the trial proceeded on that charge. A large number of witnesses were heard on both sides, and every point in the case apparently faithfully brought out. The arguments on both sides were submitted Wednesday (yesterday) afternoon, the Judge's charge followed, and the case was given to the jury at about 6 o'clock. Of course we are unable to give the result of their verdict in this issue.

During a fortnight recently the farmers within a radius of three miles of Perham, Minn., caught and killed 6000 bushels of grasshoppers for which the county paid a bounty of $1 per bushel.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st., N. Y. 40626

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Sept. 18, 1888.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.	Hogs
Wells & Richardson	42	70	9	
W. W. Hall & Son,	13		5	
A. W. Gleason,	6		4	
Morrow & Pushier,	13	9		13
C. H. Merrill,	28	216	11	
D. Eastman,	5		5	
Gilnes & Weston,	16			43
George Coolidge,	24			7
J. F. Lawry,	7			7
G. B. Dyer,	6			6
G. O. Vinal & Son,	17			
Thompson & Rogers,		452		9
P. F. Thompson,	29			
B. W. Harrimon,	16			15
J. S. Wales,	26			14
C. D. Libby,	31	488		9
J. C. Libby,	22			23
W. V. Kingsley,		410		

Live Stock at Market this Week.

Cattle, 3317; sheep, 13,332; hogs, 35,267; veals, 888; horses, 477.

Total Number from Maine.

Cattle, 301; sheep, 1702; hogs, 6; veals, 167; horses, 33.

1416 of the above supply were shipped to English market; report across the water is the tendency to lower prices, 11½@13 cts. dressed weight.

To-Day's Market Values.

Beef cattle, fine grade, very firm. The supply limited. Common to fair beeves of all grades steady, but not active.

Sheep and Lamb Market.

Trade demoralized; dealers with long faces not able to get cost. A heavy run of poor buck lambs. Just as long as farmers neglect to make wethers of their buck lambs while young, we shall have a seasonable break down in the price of lambs annually, which never recovers till winter. This little negligence on the part of flock masters costs sheep owners in Maine alone more than one hundred thousand dollars annually, an item worth saving. Lambs are one dollar per hundred lower, and no sale. It was impossible to convert into cash a fine pen of lambs, so dealers turned their costly flocks over to commission men, which means a slow way to take a bitter pill, for all such transactions are attended in the end by a heavy loss. Recollect a few hours spent in the farmers' sheep pens each spring would remedy the whole evil. Some fine lots of lambs brought 5 cts., but 4@4¼ was the governing bid. Fat sheep brought 3½@4 cts.

Hogs

Are steady and in demand at last week's quotations. Fine lots would bring 7¼ cts. dressed weight, if well fatted.

Store Pigs.

A limited call, with only 93 head on sale at 5@13 cts. per pr. as to size.

Veal Calves.

No changes to note, good ones in demand at full prices; range 3½@6 cts.

Milch Cows.

The volume of trade very light at Union Market; nearly all are driven over to Brighton for Wednesday's trade.

Horses.

Rather inactive; a good horse can be bought for $100. The range in stables where Western horses are sold is $100@$200.

Live Poultry.

In crates old hens bring 8@11c; chicks, 11@17c live. Some five tons on sale.

Hay.

Dealers hope to find Maine hay of better quality than last year, and agree with the present outlook of prices of feed and oats, that the price will go no lower than last year, and if the quality should compare more favorably with Western, New York and Canada hay, it may be that better prices will be realized. Good hay is worth, in carload lots, $18; common has a wide range, $12@15.

Wool.

The low prices of this year's purchase has sent large buyers into the market, who have made unprecedentedly large purchases, which have buoyed up the market, and a rise of 2 to 3 cents can be reported from the lowest point on all grades. A good, healthy trade is reported among the wool houses, but no great boom is looked for, and not much speculative feeling is manifest. It is safe to predict that wool will be no lower, and may go some higher.

Sales and Prices.

G. Cooledge sold 42 veals at 5½c, that weighed 4710 lbs.; 16 cattle to H. Bird & Co., at 8c, to dress 1300 lbs. each; 6 at 7½c, to dress 1250 lbs. each; 2 to dress 1000 lbs. each, at 6½c dressed weight. Wells & Richardson sold 6 oxen, to dress 1300 lbs., at 8c; 6 to dress 1050 lbs. at 7½c; 2 heifers, 3 years old, at $18 each; 1 cow, $44; 1 at $35. G. B. Dyer sold veals at 5½c live, that weighed 1100 lbs; 6 fat hogs at 7¾c dressed weight. J. F. Lowry sold 5 veals at 6c live weight. Thompson & Rogers sold 200 lambs that would average 60 lbs., at $3 each. S. S. Weller sold 6 beef heifers, estimated to dress 400 lbs., at $20 per head; veals at 5¾c live weight. C. H. Merrill sold 1 pair of oxen, to dress 1600 lbs., at 6½c; 1 pair to dress 1400 lbs., at 6c; 1 pair to dress 1300 lbs., at 5½c; 1 pair to dress 1200 lbs., at 5c; 1 pair to dress 1100 lbs., at 4½c; 1 pair to dress 1000 lbs., at 4c; 1 pair to dress 900 lbs., at 3½c; 1 pair to dress 800 lbs., at 3

Poetry.

The Arcostook Railroad.

[These verses were written more than twenty years ago, and sung at a railroad meeting in Presque Isle, in the days when that village was connected with Bangor only by three stage lines daily, but they are none the less appropriate now.]

The great Arcostook railroad
Knows no such word as fail.
Bring on the locomotive,
Lay down the iron rail;
Along the length'ning forests
We've plodded all too slow—
The lazy steed is panting, puffing,
Waiting word to go.

Our pioneer axes ringing,
Will never spare a tree,
Where falling makes sweet singing
Of fields that are to be.
Our lakes laugh back the sunshine;
Our rivers proudly flow—
The iron horse is panting, puffing,
Waiting word to go.

We've land for thronging thousands,
Farms of the richest soil,
Broad acres wait their coming,
Impatient for the toil.
Food all for the wee ones,
But wants the hand to sow—
The iron horse is panting, puffing,
Waiting word to go.

In Arcostook was our foreman,
Stout Johnny Bull of old,
Melts now the hills of iron
In spites a dir'est mold.
Not round, but longer, stronger—
A railroad track they grow!
The iron horse is panting, puffing,
Waiting word to go.

Where wealth or glory calleth,
Shrewd Yankee finds just the place.
The question's not who started,
But who shall win the race!
A great works done like lightning,
The Yankees are not slow—
The iron horse is panting, puffing,
Waiting word to go.

MARCELLA M. HIMES.

Our Story Teller.

An Adventure With Indians.

Redskins seemed to be all the rage with English folks a few months back; and the ladies especially appeared to invest those considerably-tamed specimens on view at West Brompton with a sweetly sentimental, romantic interest which I fancy they would scarcely have been able to feel if they had ever been forced to face the Red-men at fearful odds in their native haunts.

I was fated to undergo this agreeable experience once, in the good old days when the now almost extinct bison roamed the Wild West in vast herds, whilst the Indian and the white invader were at continual enmity, the former then being about as civilized as the coyote and as friendly as the dreaded "grizzlies." Nevertheless the white man established himself in the land, and on the whole he prospered.

The time of which I am speaking was the beginning of the "gold fever," and my brothers had been so bitten with the prevalent mania that they used all their influence to induce me to give up the old farm in Hawkesdale and go to New California.

Perhaps their arguments had more weight with my father because he was not long enough to see that farming was even then becoming a losing game, while the auriferous prospects held out to him appeared unusually tempting by comparison.

I, a girl, being only a girl, did not of course count for much in these family arrangements; yet, in a sense, because I was the only daughter and my mother was dead, I did count very much in my father's eyes, and he would, I verily believe, have stayed at home sooner than leave me behind. But I was as adventurous in disposition as any of my brothers, and looked forward to the new life with immense interest, all the deeper perhaps because I was so utterly without experience.

It was finally arranged that my father should take up some land in Hope Valley, El Dorado county, and there, with Charlie's help to work the claim, and Jim to look after the farming, whilst my three brothers try their luck at "digging" in the same county. If I had been going to the most luxurious home in the finest part of our own native land, I could not possibly have been more eager or enthusiastic over our future prospects. It was enough for me that my lover was to share our fortunes; and what could matter roughing it under such auspicious and with real hardship had not yet begun, desire?

There had been Fenwickes at Moss-side and Ripleys at the Birkets for more generations than I can remember. The two farms lay side by side, and Charlie and I had been playmates and child-sweethearts ever since I can remember; whence Hawkesdale considered it "exactly right and proper" that we were only fulfilling our destiny, when we grew up and blossomed into real lovers who were soberly and seriously engaged.

Naturally enough, since the course of true love, we know, never does run smooth, fate must put her finger into the pie, to impart a spice of romance into a love-affair that threatened to be so decorously dull as ours; and this element of interest was, it seemed, destined to be supplied at the eleventh hour by the sudden illness of old Mr. Ripley.

To my dismay and Charlie's grief, his father was taken ill early in February, and died before the end of the month. Now my folks had decided to start during the second week in March, and to defer our departure would have been equally awkward and impossible, since we discovered, to our chagrin, that Mr. Ripley had left all he possessed to his wife during her lifetime, and it was therefore quite out of the question between Charlie and his sister Alice. It was out-of the question that the only son, to whom the widow now looked for everything, should go and leave her and his sister unsettled a state, and his mother to the mercy of hirelings. Obviously the duty that lay nearest to his hand was to stay at house and manage the farm for his mother and sister till some permanent arrangement could be made for their benefit.

It was a heavy blow for us—the heavier because it was so unexpected; but Charlie did his best to cheer me and himself by steadily refusing to relinquish the hope of coming out to join us sometime within a year or so; and at nineteen, when one is so full of healer and life, one does not seem so very long to look forward to.

My lover came with us as far as Liverpool, in order to be with me until the last possible minute and defer the inevitable agony of separation. "There's just the ghost of a chance, you know, Phyllis dar-ling, that I shan't be tied down to the old country so long as your father seems to fancy," he said, trying to look lightly at it.

We were standing on deck, hand in hand, in a quiet corner quite alone, whilst the last precious moments fled away, and tears chased one another down my pale cheeks. This farewell to my native land was by no means what I had anticipated, and the difference between my rose-colored visions and the sad, stern reality, was too terrible just then for me to make a pretexi of cheerfulness.

"I don't see how you can ever come," I returned—"there are the children on the farm, and Mrs. Ridley and Alice!"—enumerating all these terrible obstacles with a little smothered sob.

"Yes, dear heart; but you must remember then Alice and Hugh Dalton. He and Alice haven't settled matters yet; still they understand each other; and if I can but get him to see his way clear, I know I may safely intrust my mother and sister to his care. Hugh likes to 'see his way,' you know, Phyllis, and he's sure and steady, honest as the day! If I can work round Hugh on this side of home, I'll soon be home, my darling. But we'll say nothing to the others; this is only a tiny bit of hope for your heart and mine to feed upon when we are parted."

There were just a few more last words, and then the long-dreaded moment came. I felt my lover's arms close about me, and the warm, last pressure of his lips to mine; after that I think he put me into my father's arms and hurried away down the ladder. I tried to distinguish his face as he stood on shore, but tears blinded me, and I obtained only a confused vision of a tall figure turned faces, with here and there a waving handkerchief, as the *Osprey* moved slowly out of dock and down the Mersey.

* * * * *

We had been settled in our new home nearly a twelvemonth, my brothers remaining with us until our new house—a strong log cabin of which we were all very proud—was finished and made ready for them; they started "prospecting," finally taking up a claim not far from our homestead, where they had been working very steadily for some months with very fair success.

At the log-house our party was a larger one than we had first anticipated, since some of our Moss-side laborers had accompanied their old master to Hope Valley in search of fortune; and at that time extra hands were welcome enough.

Our venture prospered from the beginning, I wanted only one thing to make me happy; but that thing seemed no nearer of attainment than at first.

Charlie wrote as regularly as possible, and his letters were always full of hope and encouraging. Tiresome Hugh Dalton, however, seemed to have a terrible time "seeing his way" to a mutual arrangement; and I could not feel very hopeful, knowing Hugh and all the circumstances as well as I did, that rate, my lover was still tied to his farm at Hawkesdale, whilst I was leading my new strange life on a ranche in El Dorado.

I think I enjoyed the time as much as any time; my father was at home a good deal, for one thing, and, for another, I was by this time growing used to the condition of life, which has so very much to do with comfort anywhere. But with the lengthening days, my father and the "boys"—as we called our laborers—were fully occupied, consequently I was often quite alone for many hours; nevertheless, being a high spirited girl, I cared very little for that, and seldom felt lonely or dull.

Tramps were not particularly likely to molest us, since the rowdy element seemed to flow naturally in the direction of the diggins, where it mustered in full force. My brothers used to say that all the jailbirds unhanged had migrated thither, the usual basis of society in a mining community, consisting of the scum and refuse of great cities.

Of the Indians we had hitherto seen little, and that little had not been of an awe-inspiring nature, despite the yarns we had heard from older settlers as we made our way to our "location" in the previous spring. We had been visited by a few Cherokees now and again, chiefly squaws and papooses, intensely curious about us; and some of them the most sturdy, impudent beggars I ever saw in my life; otherwise they were rather friendly, though the men of the tribe seemed inclined to give us a wide birth. In short, familiarity bred contempt; and I had nearly forgotten my old terrors of the ferocious Redmen, with their savage faces and warlike mein, hideous as paint and native adornments could make them.

It was the afternoon of a dark and stormy February day, destined to be a memorable one for me, though I fancied the great excitement was all over with the departure of the United States mail in the morning.

The appearance of this man, who carried a couple of bags, and was mounted on a fleet Mexican mustang, was quite an event in our isolated existence; and he seemed the one link binding us to the outside world and civilized life. He did not come our way more than once in six weeks, and this time he was a week behindhand, so I was full of anxiety for his safety, as I well knew the dangers he incurred in his perilous journey, and had more than once owned his escape to the speed and endurance of his mustang. He was the recognized official bearer of the United States mails to these wild outlying districts, and I of course had always a letter to intrust to his care; and many an anxious thought went with him through all the perils which that precious mail must encounter before the bearer reached a civilized region with his bags.

This time I had written to Charlie a particularly long letter, couched in a brighter strain, too, since I assured him that, if he could not come to me, I would return to him directly I was of age and my own mistress—that was provided he still wanted me, I added slyly. I seemed to have put all my soul into that letter, writing out of the fullness of my heart such tender, loving thoughts as he would be proud and glad to read.

Therefore it was with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction that I beheld the mounted mail depart in company with my father and the boys; their way lay together for some miles, and with such an escort my precious letter and the man's life—like a woman, I put the more important thing last!—would be doubly safe.

So for me this stormy February day was full of pleasurable excitement, and seemed neither dull nor long, since my heart had sped the way my letter went, and as usual, my hands were busy enough with my ordinary household tasks. But I went singing about my work, scarcely giving a thought to my solitary unprotected condition; I was used to being alone; moreover, I expected a couple of the men to return before dusk.

About three o'clock one of them made his appearance alone, exclaiming abruptly, as he entered the house—

"If them darned cows hain't bin and got out of the yard again, Miss Phyllis, and it will be dark in little more'n an hour! The master'll be mad as a hornet!"

"You'd better go after them at once, Jo," I returned. "I'd come with you on Dandy, only I'm afraid we shouldn't be back in time; and it would never do to let father return to find the house locked up."

Joe got out a horse and speedily departed upon his troublesome quest, vowing that the spirit of mischief was in the straying kine to induce them to depart at such an outward hour; and I was once more alone.

But now I began about to good earnest making up the wood-fire and preparing supper for the hungry men who would all come trooping in shortly after dark.

The sun was almost down, but the cold gray light of the winter afternoon showed all near objects almost as distinctly as if it were mid-day. I stood for a minute by the window looking out across the wide prairie beyond the cleared space where we immediately surrounding our dwelling. I was so used to that great level expanse stretching away towards the purplish-gray horizon, dotted here and there with scrub and sage bushes, that I had grown to have a certain liking for the boundless plain and the sense of freedom it gave one, looking far away to the west, where faint red streaks illumined the gray sky. Yes, I enjoyed the prairie, though it was so different from my native Hawkesdale.

Turning away from the window I noticed that a log had fallen in just inside the stockade at the farthest corner from the house which I did not remember seeing in the morning—though to be sure our enclosure was not so famous for neatness that a stray log or so signified much. Nevertheless and I thought no more of it till, repassing the window ten minutes later, I again glanced out. Darkness was fast setting in on us now, and, though it could see things just outside clearly enough, I was surprised to find how dim and misty the distance looked.

And the log—it was lying in exactly the same position of course! I laughed at my fancy, since logs are not usually endowed with the power of movement; but it certainly appeared to me to be some few yards nearer the house than when first I observed it.

"Impossible!" I said aloud, with emphatic solemnity.

I decided that I was growing nervous and foolish, and my first impulse was to sally forth and set my mind at rest by examining the suspicious object at close quarters; but a second thought restrained me. It is well to be bold, but not overbold.

I peered anxiously into the gathering gloom, striving to take in the familiar aspect of the yard and my surroundings; and an eerie feeling crept over me as I looked. Dusky forms seemed to lurk in distant corners, whilst at regular intervals certain posts in the rough palisade surrounding our dwelling seemed to project unnaturally. I would have given the world for a companion at that moment. Oh, if Joe had not gone in search of those cursed cows!

Then it struck me that owing to the bright fire upon the hearth, my person and the interior of the room were distinctly visible outside, whilst the growing dusk made it more and more difficult for me plainly to distinguish objects a dozen yards from the window.

I looked at the clock—it was barely half-past three. Could the hours stand a siege of an hour and a half? I asked myself anxiously, as I knew right well there was little chance of help before that—for now the unwelcome conviction that the Indians had stolen a march upon me, and were even now in ambush around the house, could no longer be ignored or avoided. It was evident they knew me to be alone and had laid their plans accordingly. What did they want? Simply plunder; or was it a mingled desire for plunder and revenge? We had lately learned that they considered themselves aggrieved by the fact that a portion of the land occupied by my father was a part of their hunting-ground.

Anyway, I knew I had nothing to hope from Indian chivalry, and everything to fear from his cold-blooded treachery; and I resolved to hold the fortress against the Redskins till the last possible minute.

While I thus reasoned, I passed rapidly through my mind, I hurriedly made such arrangements for the defence as lay in my power.

First, I securely barred the heavy shutter, noiselessly slipped the bolts of both doors—strong and well made, though rough—and also put an iron bar across the door opening into the stockade. I contrived to make a big noise in the process in the kitchen, whereby I barricaded the back-door and then I felt if bolts and bars could keep out Cherokees, I was safe for a time. But there was no knowing what their fiendish ingenuity would devise; and they evidently meant business, since they had mustered in considerable force.

I do not want to make myself out to be the least bit of a heroine over this encounter. I was undoubtedly in what schoolboys call "no end of a funk;" but, being thought by hay in this fashion, I summoned to my aid what courage I possessed, and vowed I would resist to the death. And, in spite of my sickening conviction of the almost hopeless horror of the fate, I was tolerably cool enough, keeping my wits about me sufficiently to appreciate and turn to account such slight advantages as were on my side. I even experienced a certain grim satisfaction in the thought that no one I loved was with me, sharing but not lessening, the awful danger in which I stood. I have all my life found it easier to be calm in the presence of death and peril when meeting them alone, knowing that my best-beloved, at least, were safe and free.

My small attempts at defence were speedily completed, and I ascended the ladder to the upper story, where I placed a lamp in the window of the room overlooking the prairie, since that, I knew, would probably be the way by which my father would return, and the unusual signal might possibly warn him of his danger. Lastly, I retreated to my own room and fastened the door.

The whole of these arrangements, from the moment that I decided the moving log was an Indian to the instant I locked myself into my room, occupied something under five minutes, as nearly as I can tell; but my action had been significant enough for the cunning Cherokees, who instantly prepared for the attack.

I fancy they had intended to surround the house silently, and then rush in and overpower me before I could offer the slightest resistance. But I had been keener of sight, prompter in action than they anticipated, having taken the alarm whilst the scouts were lying in ambush.

There was no mistaking my position now, I thought, looking down cautiously from my window, which I took the precaution partly to barricade with my mattress, and beholding a score or more of hideous dusky forms below, moving stealthily in the twilight like so many cowardly, cruel hyenas thirsting for my blood.

I caught up a spare revolver lying upon the kitchen shelf and a few cartridges as I retreated, but I resolved to be very cautious and remain strictly upon the defensive. I had apparently baffled my foes for a brief space, and they were consulting, I judged by their gestures, as to the course they should pursue.

Suddenly they raised a hideous yell which made my blood run cold, and flung themselves upon the barricaded doors and windows, absolutely shaking the house with the fury of their assault; but the good bolts withstood their united efforts; and the next minute a shower of arrows came rattling against the upper casements, whilst a voice cried to me to come down, to surrender, as evil as I could make out from the little Cherokee I had learned from the squaws.

The aim of those poisoned arrows was so accurate that the Indians twice succeeded in extinguishing my beacon-lamp; and I had to remove it to the opposite end of the room, still keeping in a line with the window. Then I cautiously raised a corner of the mattress and replied with my revolver, firing rather at random into the howling, threatening horde below.

I was anything but a crack shot, but my brothers had taught me how to handle and fire a revolver, and I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, silently vowing that the Cherokees should never take me alive—I would so far be mistress of my fate.

My answering fire produced an unexpected effect. They had not dreamed of a despised pale-face squaw daring to defy them single-handed; and, when I reconnoitred, I saw it had hit somebody, who was laid out on the ground to meditate at his leisure. Of course the next minute my mattress was struck full of arrows like a target, and again and again the Red-men uttered their war-whoop and rushed upon the house, hoping to carry the position by main force. But I felt they had me like a 'coon in a trap, in spite of my resistance; but at nineteen one dies hard, and refuses to give up hope till the last gasp. Every minute I could keep the fiends at bay gave me a further chance of life.

I looked at my fast lessening store of ammunition, and then I laid aside a couple of cartridges for the agonizing moment when I must acknowledge the game to be played out. Even then, standing alone, above my tigerish foes, so full of health and strength and life and love, I could not realize that my life was numbered by minutes, or that humanly speaking, I should never look upon another sunset, or see the moon rise once more. Before another hour I should be past all pain, "beyond the reach of hands," and some day I should be able to tell Charlie!

I emptied my last shots into the seething mass of dusky beings howling around me—one lonely defenceless woman. They were quick to appreciate the fact that I had ceased to fire, and the shouts and yells grew more exultant as a tall flame shot up suddenly into the gray dusk. What were the fiends about now?

I soon understood—they had failed to force an entrance, and were determined to burn me out!

Ah, merciful Heaven! Then it was, I think, that hope flickered and went out, leaving my soul in a blackness worse than night. Well, I had vowed to wait till the very last, and I trusted that He who knew my cruel need and my utter helplessness would forgive the desperate act I contemplated.

I tried to pray, but nothing save the publican's brief petition rose to my lips, whilst the events of my whole life seemed to pass vividly before me in a moment of time. I know that that last minute, when I felt beyond despair, beyond hope, my chief feeling was one of thankfulness that my letter—the very last my own love would ever receive from me—was safe, miles and miles on its way to him—that he would get it, and love and treasure it long before I should reach him. And, when he did know all that men would ever learn, the ghastly story would be less agonizing for the thought that my last words, my very last loving thoughts, had been all for him. He would have that letter for his comfort until we met again in the silent land beyond the veil.

I hoped Charlie knew me well enough to be sure I would never let those yelling wolves take me alive! Ah, no!

I walked to the table and opened a little box that held all my treasures. I was quite cool and steady now, calm as death itself, whilst I heard the cracking of the flames below and saw their lurid light against the cold gray sky. Well, my lover's portrait should be the last thing my eyes rested upon in life. Ah, Heaven, it was joy unspeakable to know he would never release the actual agony of these moments during which I would say "yet three!"

A yell of exultation—the door was down, and those fiends in human form rushed in, scattering the hot embers with their feet! Now!

What was that? An answering shout from English throats! I dropped the revolver and flew to the window. Yes, it was as I believed; I saw my rescuers, I heard the thunder of their hoofs; a score of horsemen galloped over the short turf and drew bridle at the gates. The wolves were well in the trap now!

I leaned out of the window and cried to my rescuers to surround the doors. They understood; and then came the awful hand-to-hand encounter. The Cherokees were three to one of their antagonists, but the Englishmen fought like lions and held on with the tenacity of bull-dogs.

It was an ugly struggle and a hot one while it lasted, but there was no doubt about the issue from the first.

I unbarred my door and stood at the top of the ladder, watching the breathless, deadly contest with fascinated horrified eyes. Quarter, but a second thought restrained me. It is well to be bold, but not overbold.

I peered anxiously into the gathering gloom, striving to take in the familiar aspect of the yard and my surroundings; and an eerie feeling crept over me as I looked. Dusky forms seemed to lurk in distant corners, whilst at regular intervals certain posts in the rough palisade surrounding our dwelling seemed to project unnaturally. I would have given the world for a companion at that moment. Oh, if Joe had not gone in search of those cursed cows!

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